SOME NEW BOOKS.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

To the Great Commanders series, now in course of publication by the Appletons, a *Life of Joseph E. Johnston* has been contributed by ROBERT M. HUGHES, who was designated for the purpose by the subject of the biography just before the latter's death. The book before us supersedes a more elaborate work which the author had originally planned. As little reference as possible is made to Gen. Johnston's personal narrative, published some twenty years ago; the main source of the information embodied in this biography has been the official war records which have been published by the Government and the General's private papers, which are now in the possession of the author.

It is a notable fact that the basis of the friendship between Lee and Johnston was laid in the last century by the fathers of the two great Southern captains of the civil war. Joseph Eggleston Johnston was the eighth son of Peter Johnston, who, in 1788, married Mary Wood, a niece of Patrick Henry. Peter Johnston, at the age of 17 ran away from Hampden Sidney College and enlisted in the legion of Light Horse Harry Lee. By the end of the war he had risen, notwithstanding his youth, from the ranks to the grade of Lieutenant, and had become a favorite with his commander. Peter named his eighth son, who was born at Cherry Grove, in Prince Edward county, Feb. 3, 1807, after Joseph Eggleston, who had been the Captain of the company of which he had been himself Lieutenant. In 1811 Peter Johnston, who at the end of the Revolution had applied himself to the study of the law, was appointed a Judge of the General Court of Virginia, and, having been assigned to the Abingdon Circuit, removed to his new field of labor. It was in the heart of the mountainous and densely wooded country at first known as the Wolf Hills that Joseph Johnston's early years were passed. His education was begun at home by his parents, and carried on by them until he became old enough to enter the academy at Abingdon, which is described as a fair classical school. In 1825, at the age of 18, he obtained the appointment of cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. One of the nine Virginians who entered the academy at that time was Robert E. Lee. There seems to be nothing specially noteworthy in Johnston's career at West Point, except the fact that an affection of the eyes which debarred him from using them at night probably made his graduation mark lower than it would otherwise have been. When he completed his course, in 1829, he was No. 13 in a class of forty-six, the place next the head having been secured by Lee.

I.

Johnston's first military service was as Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery; the next in garrison at New York, followed by similar service at Fortress Monroe. This period, covering three years, was uneventful, being mainly employed in acquiring a knowledge of the soldier's duty. His first experience in actual campaigning was in the Black Hawk expedition of 1832, under Gen. Scott, in which he participated, though without any opportunity for distinction. In the autumn of the same year, when the nullification troubles in South Carolina were at their height, Johnston was, with a small body of United States troops, stationed at Charleston by President Jackson for the purpose of preserving order. During the ensuing three years he was stationed at Fortress Monroe, and at Fort Macon, North Carolina, and he was also assigned to topographical duty. In the beginning of 1836 Gen. Scott was ordered to Florida to take charge of operations against the Indians, and Johnston accompanied him as a member of his staff. Scott's failure to achieve any substantial result caused much unfavorable comment, and eventually the convocation of a court of inquiry, before which Johnston was summoned as a witness. The result of the investigation was a complete vindication of Scott, but Johnston, whose military ardor may have been chilled by observing the dissensions among his superiors, and who, during the seven years succeeding his graduation, had attained only the rank of First Lieutenant, determined to leave the army, and tendered his resignation. Troubles again breaking out in Florida, he thought better of his purpose to enter civil life, and, having volunteered for service, was assigned as a topographical engineer to the expedition under Lieut. Powell, which was defeated by the Indians, but the survivors of which Johnston, although himself twice wounded, contrived to rescue. The fact that his clothing had thirty-two bullet holes in it made him known throughout the country, and, what was more to the point, gained for him the brevet of Captain, as well as the appointment of First Lieutenant in the topographical engineers, which restored him to his former rank, and prevented him from losing anything by his resignation. After serving in Florida during a part of 1838, he was assigned to various duties devolving upon the corps of topographical engineers, first in river improvements, then with the party marking the boundary between Texas and the United States, afterward with the party making a survey of the great lakes. In 1842 he was ordered to report to Gen. Worth, who then commanded in Florida, and who had the good fortune to end the protracted war against the Seminoles, which is estimated to have cost the United States two thousand lives and twenty millions of dollars. On his final return from Florida, Johnston was attached to the topographical expedition which had in charge the survey of the boundary between the United States and the British provinces. On the completion of this work he was attached to the coast survey, in which he was engaged until the outbreak of the Mexican war. It was during this period of comparative rest that he married Lydia McLane, daughter of Lewis McLane, and sister of Robert M. McLane, whose intimacy with Johnston continued without interruption during his long life. The union was a particularly happy one, the absence of offspring serving only to draw the married pair closer together.

II.

On the outbreak of the war with Mexico, Johnston, who had meanwhile become Captain of Topographical Engineers, secured an assignment to the expedition against Vera Cruz under Gen. Scott. On April 9, 1847, less than a fortnight after the surrender of the city and castle, Johnston was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of Voltigeurs, a new regiment of regulars raised for the war, and forming a part of Cadwallader's Brigade. In this capacity he accompanied the division of Twiggs, who led Scott's advance, and upon reaching the pass of Cerro Gordo Johnston pushed his reconnoissances so far that he was twice severely wounded under the very works of the Mexicans. This misfortune prevented his participation in the brilliant action fought six days afterward, though it gained him the brevet of Major, and subsequently that of Colonel, in the regular military establishment. He recovered sufficiently from his wounds, however, to take part in the battles of Contreras and Molino del Rey. In the subsequent assault upon the castle of Chapultepec his regiment of voltigeurs conspicuously figured; they are mentioned in Scott's report as being in the lead, and it was their standard which first waved upon the captured rampart. In this assault Johnston received three wounds, which, however, did not arrest his onward movements. It was at this time that Scott said of him: "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." After the cessation of active operations there seems to have been no incident of importance in Johnston's Mexican career, though his being placed in charge of expeditions to the coast to bring up reënforcements bears testimony to the reputation which he had acquired by his conduct in the war. When his regiment was mustered out of service in the summer of 1848, Congress, unwilling that retirement should be the reward of five wounds and indefatigable services, passed a special act reinstating him in the rank of Captain of Topographical Engineers. In 1855, Congress having added to the army two regiments of cavalry, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of one of them, and, with it, discharged in the West various unimportant duties, finally, in 1858, acting as Inspector-General of the Utah expedition. In the summer of 1860, Gen. Jesup, Quartermaster-General of the United States, having died, Scott was requested to name to the War Department the officer who, in his judgment, was best fitted for the post, the occupant of which might, owing to the advanced age of Scott himself, be called, at any moment, to the chief command of the national army. Scott declined to limit himself to a single name, but suggested that the selection should be made from four: Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Charles F. Smith. The contest for the appointment soon narrowed down to the two Johnstons. John B. Floyd, the Secretary of War, being warmly in favor of J. E. Johnston, while Jefferson Davis, his predecessor in office, and then Senator from Mississippi, was equally earnest in advocacy of A. S. Johnston. The contest was finally settled by the appointment of Joseph E. Johnston, who was promptly confirmed by the Senate, and commissioned Quartermaster-General on June 28, 1860. The duties of this appointment compelled Johnston to remain in Washington up to the outbreak of the civil war. Personally, he was opposed to secession, considered as a matter of expediency, though he held it to be the duty of a soldier to take no part in political discussion. He beheld with grief the successive withdrawals of Southern States from the Union, but awaited the action of Virginia, to which he felt that his first allegiance was due. When the choice of his State was made, Johnston considered that her lot was his, and that no honorable course was left to him but to follow her fortune. It was certainly at great personal sacrifice that Johnston gave up his commission in the army of the United States. He was the officer of highest rank in that army who resigned, and the position which he held, by virtue of his office of Quartermaster-General, considered in connection with the advanced age of Scott, must soon have made him the senior officer of the army. It was the belief at the time that, if either he or Lee had sided with the North, the one who remained would have been chosen for the chief command of the national forces. The only property which he took with him when he left the city of Washington for Virginia was the sword which his father had worn during the Revolutionary war, and which he himself had never used in his previous military service.

III.

Johnston was not one of those Southern men who believed that the coming war would be of short duration. On the contrary, from the outset, his opinion was freely expressed that it would be protracted and bloody, and that the South should prepare for it as promptly as possible by extensive purchases of arms and munitions of war, and by incessant education and discipline of the material which she had available for armies. Neither was he one of those who indulged in the foolish vaunt that one Southerner could whip five Yankees. While believing that, in the beginning of the contest, the great familiarity of the Southern people with firearms, and the fact that they were acting on the defensive as guardians of home and kindred, would give them the advantage, he knew, as a soldier of experience, that discipline would, in time, remove this inequality, and that Northern troops only needed education and good officers to make fine soldiers. This unwillingness to underrate the foe and respect for the soldierly qualities of those arrayed against him continued to be exhibited by Johnston throughout the war, and is thought by the author of this book to have been one of the causes of his want of favor with the Confederate Executive. His refusal to make the supposed superiority of Southerners the basis of his plans, and to throw his armies in wild assault upon a veteran foe preponderant in numbers was, in fact, the explanation offered for his removal at a subsequent critical epoch of his military career.

It is well known that Johnston brought up his force from Winchester in time to join Beauregard on the eve of the battle of Bull Run. The author of this book contends that figures demonstrate which of the two Generals made the larger contribution to the Confederate success. An analysis of the Confederate casualties shows that Johnston's army lost fifteen per cent. of those actually engaged, while Beauregard's army lost seven per cent. It is a historical fact that all of Johnston's troops who reached Manassas, except one regiment, took part in the battle, and equally true that less than one-half of Beauregard's were in position to be available. For the failure of the Confederate army to pursue the Federals after the battle of Bull Run, Johnston never hesitated to assume his share of the responsibility, though insisting that the course pursued was proper, and the only practicable one under the circumstances.

IV.

We cannot, of course, follow the present narrative through the details of Johnston's career in the civil war, the main incidents of which are familiar to American readers. The services which he rendered to the Southern cause are summed up in a final chapter with a view of defining the rank which ought to be assigned to him among Confederate Generals. The assertion is often made that he was not adapted to offensive operations, or inclined by nature to undertake the conduct of an aggressive campaign. To this charge the biographer answers that he never had the opportunities which others possessed. The Confederate Administration never left him in command of an army long enough to raise it to the degree of perfection and of confidence in itself and its leader that were necessary for aggressive operations. It never placed him in charge of an army ready drilled, or flushed with success. It was his fate either to take masses of undisciplined troops and to make armies out of them, or to be placed in charge of soldiers demoralized and disorganized by disasters springing from the incapacity of others, and, in the face of superior numbers, to teach them to regain their self-respect and to extort respect from their opponents. When he had accomplished this, and had made of an army the finely tempered weapon which he could trust, and with which he could not only parry, but strike, he was superseded, and some one else was sent in his stead to profit by the work and to reap the glory. Thus the first year of his service was devoted to transforming volunteers into the Army of Northern Virginia. Convinced, at length, of its discipline and morale, he suddenly assumed the offensive at Seven Pines, against odds much greater than those which confronted his successor in the same campaign, and was struck down on the eve of a decisive success. His next service was rendered in the West. When the crisis came at Vicksburg he was ordered to repair to that point and assume command of 6,000 men, destitute of all equipments for a campaign. In the course of a few weeks these troops were raised to 28,000, and converted into an army of such self-confidence that Johnston did not hesitate to advance against a victorious force 75,000 strong and securely fortified. On the eve of his intended attack, however, the garrison of Vicksburg succumbed, and the object of his advance was frustrated. He was next placed in charge of Bragg's defeated and disheartened force. He took that army, diminished in numbers, barefoot, half starved, and almost in process of dissolution. He replenished its ranks, and reëndowed it with hope and daring. For months he maintained the struggle against the Federals, although the latter had been strongly reënforced and were constantly fed with recruits. He repulsed their every assault, crossed in their presence large streams without loss of men or materials, and was only prevented from striking back by the disobedience of the lieutenant who was destined to replace him. His biographer submits that those who say that Johnston was great only on the defensive have never read the story of Seven Pines, or that of Vicksburg, or that of Atlanta. Finally, Johnston was called from his privacy by the despairing wail of the South in the closing act of the drama of rebellion. Forgetting his private wrongs, and listening only to the call of duty, he collected a handful of his old soldiers, survivors of the butchery to which prejudice and incompetency had doomed so many of their comrades, and burst upon the overwhelming numbers of Sherman's flank, himself foremost in the charge. Then it was that the sun of the Confederacy set upon a contest which raised the drooping spirit of the South and resulted in a convention unique in history. Again, the biographer declares that those who pronounce Johnston great only as a defensive leader can never have rightly read the story of Bentonville, which is termed the Montmareil of the lost cause. If, it is asked, such results could be effected with such paucity of means, what might not have been hoped for, had Johnston, like Lee, had given to him an army ready formed and confident, and been allowed to retain it throughout the contest? It is evidently the biographer's conviction that, with Johnston commanding continuously in the West, the Confederacy might have boasted a Fredericksburg and a Chancellorsville in the Mississippi Valley as well as on the Atlantic slope, and that the Army of Tennessee would never have had cause to blush at the name of Missionary Ridge and Nashville.

It will be acknowledged that Grant and Sherman were good judges of the relative merits of Confederate commanders. Sherman, in his article on "The Grand Strategy of the Last Year of the War," spoke of Joseph E. Johnston as "equal in all the elements of generalship to Lee." He also tells us in his memoirs, in connection with the siege of Vicksburg, that Gen. Grant then told him that Johnston was about the only General on that side whom he feared. Grant himself said: "The Southern army had many good Generals. I do not know that there was any better than Joe Johnston. I have had nearly all the Southern Generals in high command in front of me, and Joe Johnston gave me more anxiety than any of the others. I was never half so anxious about Lee. Take it all in all, the South, in my opinion, had no better soldier than Joe Johnston."

The Dawn of Italian Independence.

The most creditable approach made in an English work to an adequate history of Italy, from the Congress of Vienna in 1814 to the fall of Venice in 1849, is presented in the two volumes collectively entitled, *The Dawn of Italian Independence*, by WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The narrative stops short of the achievement of Italian independence, but it portrays in detail the series of three preliminary uprisings, to wit, the revolutions of 1820 and 1821, those of 1831, and, finally, those which followed the downfall of Louis Philippe in France in 1848. There is no chapter of history which is more rich in contrasts, or whose antagonistic extremes have been more distinctly incarnated in two individuals. For nearly twenty years Mazzini and Metternich were pitted against each other as the prime movers in European politics. That the fact is clearly recognized lends an artistic unity and a deep personal interest to the book before us. Metternich, indeed, was much longer on the stage, and he had but little difficulty in quelling Italian insurrection until his great antagonist became a spiritual power, radiating from his London garret an influence which, like an electric current, shot through all barriers to revive the heart of Italy. The revolutions of 1820 and 1821, which were due to survivors of the Napoleonic epoch, and those of 1831, which were organized by the Carbonari, were put down without much trouble. But the revolution of 1848, of which Mazzini was the principal author, was, for a time, triumphant, and although eventually suppressed, it at least drove Metternich definitely from public life. In the present notice, we confine ourselves to the portraits of these two men, in whom the moral, social, and political ideals of the time were embodied. Only through a vivid conception of these personalities does the story of Italy between 1814 and 1849 become thoroughly intelligible.

I.

Clemens Wenzeslaus Metternich was born of noble parents in 1773 in Rhineland, and studied for awhile at Strasburg, just after a young Corsican named Napoleon Bonaparte had left that university; the same masters taught both of them fencing and mathematics. His studies were interrupted by social distractions, into which his father's position at the Viennese court gave him an early admittance, and were presently still more disturbed by the outbreak of war, in the course of which he went to England, where he became acquainted with leading politicians and inspected the mechanism of Parliament, which, he has said, "was not without use in his subsequent career." The use he made of it was to carefully avoid any reproduction of the institution. Returning to Austria, he married the granddaughter of Kaunitz, the statesman who had been the adviser of Maria Theresa, and the antagonist of Frederick the Great. His first diplomatic mission was to the Congress of Rastadt, which ended abortively through no fault of his; then, in 1801, he was appointed Minister to Saxony, where he began to cultivate his peculiar powers. His strength lay in watching. Unimpassioned, observant, patient, he could wait, like Jason, while the dragon of the revolution uncoiled its huge bulk before him, and then, where he saw a vital spot bared, there he plunged his sword. He knew his country's resources and his adversary's preponderance; he had unfailing tact, unruffled suavity, and he risked nothing by untimely rashness. His sojourn, indeed, at Dresden brought no immediate fruition to Austria's schemes, but it secured his promotion to the embassy of Berlin. There, too, his diplomacy was seemingly barren, for, when war broke out, Napoleon thrashed Russia and Austria at Austerlitz, while Prussia, in spite of Metternich's efforts, had so planned that, by her insincerity and indecision, she was sure of immunity whichever might win. Still, Metternich's efforts were not forgotten. The Emperor Francis nominated him Ambassador to St. Petersburg when Napoleon, who had taken a fancy to the polished young diplomatist, requested that he should be sent to Paris. "I do not think," he wrote afterward in his memoirs, "it was a good inspiration of Napoleon's which gave me the possibility of discovering the faults which at last led him to ruin, and of freeing Europe from the oppression under which it languished." If we are to credit the memoirs, we must believe that already in 1806 he regarded himself as destined to humble Napoleon, and foresaw much that came to pass. It is certain that at the raw and gaudy Napoleonic court he was a perfect specimen of eighteenth century aristocracy. In person not commanding yet pleasing, in manner elegant but not stiff, choosing to be deemed frivolous rather than earnest, too self-controlled to be surprised into petulance or anger, he soon shone as a star of the first magnitude in Napoleon's hastily improvised social firmament. He did not forget that Napoleon was a parvenu, but, with the tact of a man of superior breeding, he took part in the pomp, and kept his derision to himself. He was affable and insinuating, although, when occasion demanded, he showed firmness as well as pliability, and steadily pursued his purpose, scrutinizing Napoleon and his satellites, sounding the temper of the French people, investigating the resources of the empire, and picking up what hints he could of the Emperor's intentions. A high-bred libertine, his liaisons with the women of the French court, among others with Caroline Murat, Napoleon's sister, served not only to gratify his vanity, but also to put him in possession of secrets which he could not worm from the more wary men. In a word, he played skilfully the part of licensed eavesdropper, which diplomacy dignified by the name of Ambassador.

After Napoleon had brought Austria to terms at Wagram, Metternich was appointed Chief Minister of the Hapsburg empire. In this capacity he approved of the proposal that Napoleon should marry the Emperor's daughter, Maria Louisa, on the ground that Austria had much to gain and little to lose by it. If Napoleon, he argued, should maintain his supremacy, a Napoleonic-Hapsburg dynasty might rule Europe for generations; should he, on the other hand, grow weak, the mere marriage tie would not prevent Austria from seeking alliances with Napoleon's enemies. He was also influenced by the fact that Napoleon was intriguing to marry a Russian Grand Duchess, for he knew that a union of France and Russia might be fatal to Austria. From the moment that the campaign against Russia began, in 1812, Metternich acted with consummate duplicity. He signed a treaty of alliance with Napoleon, and equipped a corps to form the right wing of the Grand Army, but at the same time assured the Czar that Austria's feelings toward him were friendly, and, when space and the elements had accomplished the destruction of Napoleon's forces, he made up his mind that the hour of Austria's deliverance was near. He saw that Napoleon, though checked, was not yet crushed, but that Austria could turn the scale against him; that, if she joined the allies, they would outnumber the French three to one, and consequently would be able to overwhelm the man who personified the revolution. In the titanic conflict that followed Metternich won, and in the resultant congress at Vienna he was both chart maker and pilot, dictating his views in the sessions of the diplomats, strutting with monarchs in the 'drawing room, and dallying with duchesses in their boudoirs. It was characteristic of the man that, for the sake of his liaison with Murat's wife, Metternich would have kept her husband on the throne of Naples, and it was only Murat's untimely impetuosity which put him beyond the scope of even Metternich's favor.

II.

Metternich's political creed was simple. He believed in absolute monarchy, privileged aristocracy, and a multitude of obedient subjects. It was, he thought, for the interest of crown and court to treat these last well, to give them, as sheep, good pasturage and shelter; but if they were neglected or abused, or even killed, there was no redress; no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals had as yet been organized. Metternich saw that the French revolution attacked this social system, that its promoters would have substituted representative for autocratic government, and he was shrewd enough to perceive that the rulers who would thus be chosen would rarely be those who owed their position to birth or privilege. If he discerned with equal clearness the rising spirit of nationality and its tendency, he acted as if unaware that it must be reckoned with. The spirit had been used by Napoleon to incite Italy, Poland, and Hungary, and it had caused all Germans to rise as one man in 1813 to throw off Napoleon's yoke. Nevertheless, Metternich ignored the principle, or, at the most, laughed at it as a silly enthusiasm, an effervescence of political idealism not to be encouraged. In reconstructing Europe, he attended only to dynastic interests, unscrupulously cutting a race into several slices, for the reason that peace depended, in his opinion, upon keeping an equilibrium among the greeds of the various monarchical gluttons. Europe being thus carved out to meet the wishes of a few monarchs and their counsellors, diplomacy, the art of ruling by chicanery, was carried to the highest pitch, and the control of Europe necessarily passed to the diplomat who excelled in craft. No man could match Metternich in this way. He had no principles and no illusions. "Why is it," he once asked, "that so many fools are thoroughly good men?" He told the truth when he knew it would not be believed, and prevaricated when he intended that his falsehood should pass for truth. In a society where all told lies, Metternich took care that his should excel in verisimilitude and in subtleness. His craft was as superior to that of his competitors as a slow, undetectable poison is often more fatal than the hasty stab of a bravo. He fished with both a hook and a net; if one broke, the other held.

This, which represents in outline Mr. Thayer's account of Metternich, may seem a harsh delineation. Yet, in some passages, he writes with a certain appreciation of the man. He is willing to admit, for instance, that Metternich was sincerely insincere. He was strongly attached to the Hapsburg dynasty, and patriotic in so far as the aggrandizement of that house could fairly be held to correspond with the interest of the Austrian State. The central figure, however, in his perspective was always himself, whom he regarded as the savior of a social order, whose preservation held back the world from chaos. When he stood off from himself, and contemplated the responsibility heaped upon him, he was almost overcome by a mystic awe of his own personality. He spoke of his mission as an apostolate. He was gratified by observing the sudden "moral improvement," which attended his visit, however short, to a recalcitrant sovereign, or to a hotbed of conspiracy. He testifies that the "pure and just" always hailed him as a deliverer, and he rejoiced in the hatred and fear he inspired in the "bad." Still, he cherished no delusions, except the primal delusion that the old régime could be permanently anchored in the swift-flowing, bottomless stream of time. To resist all change was his policy, and to keep the surface smooth was his idea of peace. With the facts on the surface he dealt quickly and decisively, outwitting his rivals in diplomacy, because he knew exactly what he wanted and how to get it. He likened himself to a spider spinning a vast web. "I begin to know the world well," he said, "and I believe that the flies are eaten by the spiders only because they die naturally so young that they have no time to gain experience, and do not know what is the nature of a spider's web." Many as were the flies he caught during his forty years' spinning, he admitted that his success was due quite as much to their blindness as to his cunning.

Such was Metternich, whom to know is to understand the nature of the resistance which checked every patriot effort and every impulse toward progress in Italy between 1815 and 1848. Few names have been hated as his was hated or feared as his was feared. The Italians pictured him to themselves as a monster who gloated over human suffering, who spent his time in inventing new tortures for his victims. He regarded them and all Liberals as natural enemies to the order in which he flourished, and he had no more mercy for them than the Spanish inquisitors had for heretics. No doubt his victims would have been surprised could they have seen their "monster" in his daily life, where he appeared only a polished man of the world, too self-possessed to be a dandy, and yet affecting a lightness not always becoming in a statesman. Affable and never dull, few could remember to have seen angry flashes in his imperturbable eyes, or any but a deliberate smile on his self-complacent lips. He cowered some men by a certain haughtiness, captivated others by a counterfeit frankness, or by flattery, and could even turn on the fountain of tears when the heats of diplomacy could be quenched in no other way. Women of the highest rank were proud to submit to his gallantry. After the fashion of an amateur, he amused himself with painting and science, and took satisfaction in making it appear that, were the cares of State ten times heavier, they could not exceed his strength nor interrupt his pleasure. He honestly believed, in fine, that he was infallible, that all his deeds were perfect, and, in his age, when the hurricane of revolution had swept his web away forever, he declared that, were he to live his career again, he would not alter a single act.

III.

Such, in miniature, is Mr. Thayer's description of the man who personified the forces of reaction throughout the first half of the present century, and who had proved himself capable of stifling the efforts of Italian patriots in 1820-21, and again in 1831. It was just after the latter date, however, when conspiracy, through repeated failures, had become discredited, that there arose a leader so strong and unselfish, so patient, zealous, and magnetic, that, by him, if by any one, conspiracy might be guided to victory. This leader, the great conspirator, was Joseph Mazzini, one of the half dozen supreme influences in European politics during the century now drawing to a close—a man whose career will interest posterity as long as it is concerned at all in our epoch of transition. As Metternich was the high priest of the old régime, so Mazzini was the prophet of a social order more just, free, and spiritual than any the world has known. He was an idealist who would hold no parley with temporizers, an enthusiast whom half concessions could not beguile, and so he came to be decried as a fanatic or a visionary. The distinguishing feature of Mr. Thayer's portrait of Mazzini is the careful discrimination of what he aspired to do from what he actually accomplished. What he proposed was clearly unrealizable at the time when he proposed it, and it is for the future to answer whether society, when it shall have advanced far beyond its present condition, will conform to the Mazzinian pattern. The historian of the period between 1831 and 1849 has, for the most part, to see in Mazzini the man of action fighting for a definite and immediate end: it is all the more necessary to remember that behind the man of action was always the idealist to whom the fact achieved seemed mean in comparison with the splendor of his aspiration.

Mazzini was born in Genoa in 1808. His father was a lawyer of repute; his mother a woman of tenderness and intelligence, whose influence over her son was deep and lasting, for he was so frail a boy that he had to be kept at home, where his physical weakness conduced to a precocious intellectual growth. He read and thought beyond his years, and he had an almost feminine organization of nerves and emotions. One day, in his twelfth year, when he and his mother were walking—it was just after the collapse of the Revolution of 1821—"a tall, black-bearded man, with a severe and energetic countenance," approached and held out a white handkerchief, merely saying, "For the refugees of Italy." The request burned into the boy's soul. "That day," he wrote long afterward, "was the first in which a confused idea presented itself in my mind, I will not say of country or liberty, but an idea that we Italians could, and therefore ought, to struggle for the liberty of our country." His health having improved, he entered the university to fit himself for his father's profession, but from the outset, in the midst of the tumultuous student life, he was sombre and absorbed, appearing like one suddenly grown old. He formed the childish yet significant resolve to dress always in black, as though he were in mourning for his country. To the law he gave only a perfunctory attention; he neglected his lectures to read Dante, and, for a time, felt within him the desire to win renown in literature. But he soon became convinced that political, not literary or artistic achievement, was the duty of Italian genius, and he wrote articles which, although ostensibly only criticisms of books, were more and more impregnated with his political ideas. He joined the Carbonari, though suspecting that, under their complex symbolism and hierarchical mysteries, they concealed a fatal lack of harmony, decision, and faith. Having undertaken a secret mission to Tuscany, he was betrayed to the police and incarcerated in the fortress of Savona. His imprisonment at Savona seems to have been to Mazzini what the year's concealment in the Wartzburg had been to Luther, a period for self-examination whereby he classified the motives which had hitherto led him, and deduced from them the creed which he was to profess through life. Analyzing the political and social doctrines of the Italian reformer, Mr. Thayer traces them to a moral source. Throughout and above all worlds Mazzini acknowledged one supreme unity, to correspond to which, he argued, there must be unity among mankind. The human race, he said, although distributed among so many people, various in hue and intelligence and faith, is yet interpenetrated by a common humanity. The differences of feature and belief are only external, as of vessels large or small, crooked or upright, on which diverse forms have been modelled, or patterns painted, but all containing in greater or smaller quantities the same holy water. Scanning history, Mazzini discerned that the past had sufficed to evoke the individual from the brute, shapeless mass; here and there in different lands and ages, a few great men had risen to be the wonder and example of their fellows; but, in his view, the purpose of creation is not attained in the development of a few supreme men who live isolated from the multitude, and often at their expense. It is the sum of all the individuals and not the value of a particular unit, to enhance which progress strains. Passing to details, Mazzini pointed out that the French Revolution was the assertion of individualism, which hereditary despots and privileged aristocrats had for centuries ignored or striven to repress. But he insisted that individualism is only a corner stone on which true civilization, a society at once just and enlightened, is to be raised. Above the rights of man are the duties of man, which bind the individual to the community, and teach him that his private welfare depends upon the general well being, and that he best serves himself who serves his fellows best. Thus we rise from the plane of mere legality, which is selfish and only zealous for its own, to the sphere of morals, where the individual renounces his partial good for the sake of that general and inclusive good wherein, if he but look deep enough, he shall see his own real prosperity. This Mazzini held to be as true for nations as for each individual citizen; since a nation is only a larger family, and, in the same way that all the families of a city make up that city, so all the nations of the earth make up the human race. Hitherto, there has been enmity among them; many have not yet reached the level of legality; none has adopted morality to be the guide of all its dealings with its neighbors; nevertheless, the solidarity of the race cannot be denied, though, as yet, we recognize it chiefly by negative signs. We perceive that when one nation injures another, whether by war or by commercial selfishness, all are injured; the gain that comes from unjust victory is elusive; the robber has his gold, but at the expense of integrity; the robbed is deprived of his purse, but not of his character. Servitude debases both master and slave. This very reaction and inter-relation of harm proves the underlying unity of mankind; did it not exist, the wrongs done in one hemisphere would not affect the inhabitants of the other; and, since this reciprocity inheres in international evils, it must inhere in international benefits; unselfishness between one nation and another must ennoble both. To replace enmity by friendship, greed by generosity, mutual suspicion by trustfulness, and the desire to injure by the desire to help; to feel common obligations and the joy of a common service; to be suffused and quickened by the spirit which flows through all mankind, rather than to stand apart and rely upon the fitful currents of selfishness; these, according to Mazzini, should be the ideals, these the conditions of health and progress, for the race no less than for the individual. When collective humanity shall have reached this attitude, then, and not till then, can it fulfil its mission and rise to achievements transcending the visions of the enthusiast and the poet's dream.

IV.

Having thus defined his aim, Mazzini proceeded to consider the method best fitted for attaining it. His primary purpose was to apply his philosophy to the immediate needs of his own country. He saw that Italy could not take her place among the nations until she was independent of her foreign masters, and that, even though she expelled these, she might still remain under the dominion of native autocrats. She must, therefore, be free, as well as independent. Still liberty would fail to shed its full blessing upon her unless she were united; therefore, a federation of free Italian States would not suffice; there must be a complete union of all the Italians before they could enjoy a life at once national and individual. So Mazzini adopted republican and unifying principles as the bases of his system. The open propaganda of such doctrines was, of course, impossible; it must consequently be carried on by a secret organization. But he was disgusted with the existing secret societies; they lacked harmony, faith, and distinct purpose; their Masonic mummeries were puerile and farcical; their irresponsible government had led to disunion and defeat; they had been now too rash, and now too dilatory; they had been nurseries for the criminal, the selfish, and the vindictive, instead of for the patriotic alone; they had, at most, been able to agitate, but not to act. Therefore, Mazzini would have none of them, and he determined to organize a new secret society, to be called Young Italy, whose principles should be plainly understood by every one of its members. This society was to be composed of men under 40, in order to secure the most energetic and disinterested members, and to avoid the influence of older men, who, trained by the past generation, were not in touch with the aspirations and needs of the new. It was to awaken the people, the bone and sinew of the nation; whereas the earlier sects had relied too much on the upper and middle classes, whose traditions and interests were either too aristocratic or too commercial. A point wherein Mazzini differed fundamentally from some later reformers was his belief that, without a religion, the Italians could not be led to a permanent regeneration. He proposed, therefore, that Young Italy should substitute for Catholicism a religion based on reason, and so simple as to be within the comprehension of the humblest peasant. This religion is summed up in a sentence: One God above and below mankind, through which He embodies the infinite nature in the finite; all men His creatures and His children; therefore, all brothers, in each of whom there is some spark of His divinity; God to be worshipped freely and directly, without the interposition of saints and rituals and priests; to be worshipped, moreover, in men's deeds, and not in mere words, and to be worshipped best by building up a noble, reverent, and unselfish character, which, ever expanding, shall afford a dwelling vaster and yet more vast for love and virtue. By such simple yet universal tenets, affirmed rather than argued, Mazzini hoped to arouse in his countrymen the religious sense which apprehends duty, and is the source of worthy deeds.

Having recognized, in this fashion, the need of morals, and having provided for disseminating a knowledge of them, Mazzini elaborated the political creed of Young Italy. Education and insurrection were the two means to be employed. "Education," he said, "must ever be directed to teach by example, word, and pen, the necessity of insurrection. Insurrection, whenever it can be realized, must be so conducted as to render it a means of national education." The ultimate aim of insurrection was revolution, upon the successful termination of which "every authority will bow down before the national council, the sole source of authority in the State." In Mazzini's opinion the true method of warfare for all nations desirous of emancipating themselves from a foreign yoke was by guerrilla bands, which would supply the want of a regular army, call the greatest number of elements into the field, and yet be most easily sustained. Every member of Young Italy, therefore, was ordered to provide himself with a gun or dagger; the colors of the society were white, red, and green; the banner wore on one side the words "Liberty, Equality, Humanity," on the other, "Unity, Independence." "God and the People" was the watchword which summed up the Mazzinian system. There were two degrees in the society, the affiliators and the affiliated; and, in order to prevent widespread treachery, it was divided into groups of ten, only one member of each ten being cognizant of the members of the next troupe. The novice having been duly informed of the purposes of Young Italy, took an oath to further the objects of the society, to keep its secrets, and to obey its superiors. The doctrines of the new sect spread, but the author of this history is unable to cite figures to indicate exactly the growth of Young Italy. Contrary to the founder's expectations, the society was recruited, not so much from the people as from the middle class, the professional men, and the tradesmen; moreover, it was the political rather than the religious idea of the sect that drew adherents to it. The Carbonari and their kindred conspirators were discredited by the failure of the revolution of 1831; it began to be felt that their methods were wrong and their promoters superannuated; so the more zealous gladly turned to the new society, whose aims were distinct and whose members were young and enthusiastic. The very definiteness, however, of Mazzini's proposals helped to make clear the lines of separation, hitherto blurred, between the sections of the Liberal party. Young Italy insisted uncompromisingly on a unified republic; but there were many Liberals who, while desiring the independence and freedom of their country, were still favorable to a monarchical government or to a federation, and these refused to associate themselves with the republic. They came to be known as Moderates, and to be despised by the Mazzinians, who regarded them as waverers and temporizers.

V.

The collapse of the concerted invasion of Savoy in January, 1835, by three parties of revolutionists would have been fatal to almost any other leader except Mazzini. With a musket on his shoulder he accompanied the first party. A platoon of troops appearing, a few shots were fired, and Mazzini fainted, while his comrades fled across the Swiss border. When he recovered consciousness he realized that the invasion had come to a ludicrous end. His enemies attributed his fainting to cowardice; he himself explained it as the result of many nights of sleeplessness, of great fatigue, fever, and cold. To all but the few concerned in it this first venture of Young Italy seemed a farce—the disproportion between its aim and its achievement was so enormous, and Mazzini's personal part in it was so ignominious. Nevertheless, the young idealist, although beaten in his first encounter with reality, was not discouraged. From defeat he drew the conviction that he must struggle harder. Now began in earnest that apostolate which Mazzini laid down only at his death. Thenceforth Italian conspiracy had the head for lack of which it had so long floundered amid vague and contradictory purposes. Young Italy was established beyond the chance of being destroyed by an abortive expedition. Young Poland, Young Hungary, one may almost say Young Europe, sprang up after the Mazzinian pattern; the revolutionists of the Continent now felt that their cause was international, and, in their affliction, they fraternized. No one could draw so fair and plausible a programme for them as Mazzini drew; no one could so fire them with a sense of duty, with hope, with energy. He became the mainspring of the whole machine—to autocrats truly an infernal machine—of European conspiracy. The redemption of Italy was always his nearest aim, but his generous principle reached out over other nations, for, in the world that he prophesied, every people was to be free.

Proscribed in Piedmont, expelled from Switzerland, denied lodging in France, he took refuge in London, there to direct amid poverty and heartache the whole vast network of plots. His bread he earned by writing critical and literary essays for the English reviews, having quickly mastered the English language so as to use it with remarkable vigor. All his leisure, however, he devoted to the preparation of political tracts, and to correspondence with numberless confederates. He watched the symptoms of every part of Italy; he studied the map and laid out campaigns; he shipped arms and munitions to various points; indited proclamations, concerted signals, enrolled volunteers, instigated, encouraged, and counselled. He was the consulting physician for all the revolutionary practitioners of Europe. Those who were not his partisans disparaged his influence, asserting that he was only a man of words; but the best proof of his power lies in the anxiety he caused monarchs and cabinets, and in the precautions they took to guard against him. Their spies lurked in his shadow; they even induced the British Postmaster-General to open his letters; they sowed reports reeking with terrible insinuations against his character and methods; they bade their subjects abhor him as a diabolical incendiary, who wished to upset thrones and altars, and who, in the anarchy that would ensue, would let loose his red-handed followers to ravish and plunder. Mazzini, on his part, denied the charge that he approved or condoned political assassination, although he admitted that he had given money and a dagger to a young fanatic, Gallenga, who had vowed to kill the King, Charles Albert. In friendly intercourse he was so gentle, so unselfish, so insistent in matters spiritual that the few persons who knew him well could not believe that he would descend to criminal methods in order to compass his reforms, which were essentially moral.

The result of the long duel between Mazzini and Metternich culminated in what was, to all appearances, a drawn battle. The widespread revolutionary movement of 1848, the principal author of which was the great Italian conspirator, ended ostensibly in failure, though it expelled Metternich from public life. As a matter of fact, the national uprising of the Italians which was suppressed in 1849 dispelled some illusions and taught some indispensable lessons. The collapse of that revolution, by revealing an inherent fallacy of Mazzinianism, that reform could originate in the ignorant and stolid masses, pointed to constitutional monarchy as the proper agent. It made the fact no longer disputable that Austria was the great external adversary to Italian independence. Internal adversaries, factional discords, perfidious princes, and the partisans of absolutism must be overcome before Austria could be expelled. The notion hitherto current that Italy could work out her own salvation was henceforth discredited. She saw now that foreign assistance, not merely foreign sympathy, must be gained. To be liberated from visions, to know exactly what she desired and how alone she could obtain her ideals was the knowledge, bitter but sobering and salutary, which the failures of 1848-9 brought to Italy. Henceforth she was to look for leadership no longer to Mazzini, but to Victor Emanuel, the honest King, and to Cavour, the embodiment of reason. It is the achievement of these men which, as we infer from the last paragraph of the second volume, we may expect to see worthily recounted at some future day by the author of this history.

M. W. H.

THE WIDOW.

That is to Say, the Husbandless Married Woman.

Do you see the woman?
I do see the woman.
Who is she?
Mrs. Somebody or other.
She seems to be a very attractive woman.
That's what.
She has admirers among men, hasn't she?
Always.
Doesn't her husband object?
Oh, no.
No?
Not in the least.
Why not?
He's dead.
Oh! Ah! She's a widow?
Of course.
She appears to be quite gay and happy.
She is.
Doesn't she mourn the loss of her husband?
Not now.
Not now?
No; she has outgrown her grief.
She did mourn him then?
Certainly; they most always do.
Is sorrow so transitory?
Time is a great healer.
How long has she been a widow?
Three years, or thereabouts.
Where are her widow's weeds we read about?
She pulled them up and threw them over the fence at the end of two years.
Is that the rule?
It is the custom.
Does that remove the sorrow?
Oh, no; only the evidences of it; the sorrow is usually gone before its signs are.
Not utterly gone?
No, but considerably mollified.
She doesn't forget her husband, does she?
Assuredly not; she remembers him so pleasantly that she feels kindly toward all of his sex.
Even if he were not a good husband to her?
That doesn't seem to make much difference.
Never?
Hardly ever; unless she is well advanced in years.
How old is this widow?
About thirty.
She's a young widow then?
Yes; if unmarried, they would have called her an old maid; and if her husband were living, they would have called her a middle-aged married woman.
Widowhood is a kind of a rejuvenation, is it?
Quite so.
Do you suppose she can ever love another man well enough to marry him?
Well, I should smile.
Do women who love once ever love again?
Indeed they do.
But tradition and poetry hath it otherwise?
That's all they know about it.
Should they love again?
Why shouldn't they? Are women's hearts to be buried in the graves of their idols?
Yet they worshipped them once?
Possibly; but what woman has done she can do again.
Is it right that she should put a new idol where the old one was?
It is human.
Are women merely human?
More human than angel.
Aren't widows a degree more lively than other women?
Yes.
Why is that?
They can be their own chaperons.
Aren't they in more danger?
Not a bit of it.
Why?
The man doesn't live who can fool a widow, unless she is a born fool.
Is that why they attract so?
That's one way; but there are many others. A widow knows how to handle a man; she knows the difference between a sweetheart's promises and a husband's fulfillments; she knows the difference between moonlight and matrimony; she knows more in one minute than a maid knows in a million. To aphorize it: No man is a hero to a widow.
Are you not giving them credit for a little too much?
Possibly as individuals, not as a class.
Are they superior in knowledge to wives?
No; but they are freer to express an opinion.
A husband is a restraint then?
Very materially.
Does a widow contract a much more advantageous matrimonial alliance than a maid?
Not always, but her disappointment is not so keen, and she suffers much less.
But knowing so much, why does she make a mistake at all?
She's a woman.
Does that mean that even with her head showing her the right way, she lets her heart deflect her from it?
That's about the size of it; that and the fact that the only being who never made a mistake is God, and God is no woman.
Do men like widows more than maids?
Practically speaking, yes; romantically, no.
Isn't a widow a fit subject for romance?
Not quite, for the man in the case cannot forget that the widow is a veteran rather than a raw recruit.
That doesn't lessen her attractiveness?
No, for a widow has a winsomeness no maid ever possessed. She meets a man on his own ground, and she appeals to his rational senses in a way which is simply irresistible to one who is not a plumb idiot on the subject of womankind.
Widows can marry easily if they care to, can't they?
Easy as falling off a log.
Why is that?
Because they are not afraid to do a little of the courting themselves.
Isn't that an awful thing to say?
Truth isn't at all times pleasant.
They are not forward and eager, are they?
Oh, no, sly and demure. As I said before, they know men.
They don't always succeed in getting the one they want?
No, but where they fail once the maid fails a dozen times.
Are husbands who succeed other husbands quite as well satisfied as if they had been the first choice?
As a rule they are better satisfied, for man and wife in this case are older and more sensible; and if they will only give each other a fair chance, they get along as nicely as two bees in a honeysuckle.
Do widows make better wives than they were at first?
The chances are they will improve on themselves.
Every man ought to marry a widow, then, oughtn't he?
Yes; but the demand exceeds the supply.
How is it when they have children?
Children are a deduction.
Why?
When they are small they are in the man's way; and when they are not he is in their way.
Aren't rich widows a most pleasing feature in the social landscape?
They are, indeed.
Why more than rich maids?
The widow usually has the wealth where she can lay her own hands on it, without waiting for somebody to die and leave it in reach.
Do women like to be widows?
Ask some wives who are not.

Powerful Preaching by a Negro Woman.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SEDALIA, Mo., Sept. 11.—The most remarkable religious service ever conducted behind prison bars in central Missouri was held in the Pettis County Jail to-day by Mrs. Lena Mason of Hannibal, better known as the "Black Sam Jones of Missouri." Mrs. Mason entered the jail in company with Messrs. Douglass and Tyler, and, after prayers by the two gentlemen, she began a ten minutes' discourse that caused every prisoner to plead for forgiveness. The woman does not talk like a colored person, but uses the best of English, and her earnestness is something remarkable. She kept her eyes closed during the entire service, and before she had talked three minutes Dick Robinson, the convicted murderer, and other notorious prisoners were on their knees in prayer. Two colored women, serving out fines for vagrancy, scoffed at the service when it began, but before it was concluded they grabbed Mrs. Mason's hand and begged her to pray for them, at the same time calling upon the Lord to wash away their sins. Mrs. Mason preached last night to nearly 2,500 people, acres of ground being covered with vehicles containing white people who had been attracted by her singular exhortations.